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CLEARING THE MISTS.

A D R A M A

IN THREE ACTS,

—BY—

E. NELSON BARR

AND

J. M. HOGAN;

—O—

—TO WHICH IS ADDED—

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

—O—

As revised according to act of Congress in the year 1889, by

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—O—

—CLYDE, OHIO:—

AMES' PUBLISHING CO.

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CLEARING THE MISTS.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

COL. RUFUS HADLEY.....	<i>Father of Vixen</i>
PAT.....	<i>From Killarney</i>
ARTHUR BURTON.....	<i>Lorena Preston's lover</i>
LAWRENCE DUFFIELD.....	<i>Poetic young man</i>
REGINALD MORTON.....	<i>Admirer of Laura Castleton</i>
LORENA PRESTON.....	<i>A lady of honor</i>
LAURA CASTLETON.....	<i>A schemer</i>
VIXEN.....	<i>The lost child</i>

—X—

75635
2922672

The scene is laid in Warnock, Belmont County Ohio

—X—

Costumes—Modern.

—X—

Time of Representation—2 Hours.

—X—

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E. (2d E.), Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

* * * The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage facing the audience.

TMP92-008638

Clearing the Mists.

ACT I.

SCENE I—Street. PAT sings without.

"I'll go back again to the land I love so well.
Farewell to Biddy and to Barney;
Go back to where my darling Elsie sleeps,
Up 'mong the lakes of Killarney."

Enter, PAT, R., dressed in old clothes.

PAT. Och! Begorra, and I'm all broke up! I'll jist tell ye what's the matter; fate has been playing the very divil wid poor old Pat! Sure didn't I win the sweet Biddy Malone, as purty a lady as iver ye saw, and we settled down in our little eot, with a wee patch for praties. After a while a little angel came to bless our home—little Elsie, the darlint! God bless her! and I were a happy man; for sure, when I wor coming home from work she would run out and put her wee little arms around my neck and would say, "I love you, daddy!" But we soon saw that our little darlint was gittin' whiter every day, and she didn't run out to meet me any more; and one day she jist fell aslape and they came and took her away and put her in the cold, dark ground. Och! Begorra, and I'm all broke up! (*wipes eyes*) Me poor Biddy died of a broken heart and left me alone intirely. So I thought I would come to Ameriky and forget me grief. So here I am—walking the streets of Warnock, and begging a man for a penny—but my heart will turn back to where me darlints lie up 'mong the lakes of Killarney.

(retires to back of stage)

Enter, COLONEL HADLEY, R.—dressed poorly.

Colonel. Yes—yes—twenty years ago I lost her, my darling child; lost her down in Dixie, and here I am—nothing but a beggar!

PAT. (*aside*) A beggar! (*aloud*) Hello, pard! (COLONEL starts) How's luck? for I see by the music of you're chin you're in the same biz as meself—only a beggar!

Col. Yes; only a beggar! But once it was not so. Long years ago I lost a little girl——

PAT. Sh—sh—stay there, pard! You've struck a tender place in old Pat's heart. I, too, lost a little girl. She lies over in Ireland,

up 'mong the lakes of Killarney. But it's all right, pard, she's up there now with the pure white angels.

Col. No, Pat, you misunderstand me. *My* little girl did not die—would to God she had! That would be better than the agony of knowing that she is somewhere in the wide world, perhaps with no hand to guide her in the path of purity and truth.

Pat. Bedad, that is a bad job! But how was it? Old Pat has a heart full of sympathy for any man who has trouble and sorrow.

Col. Well, Pat, I'll tell you my story. My name is Hadley—Colonel Rufus Hadley. I'm from Georgia—from dear old Dixie; and I was once wealthy and respected. George Preston and I were schoolboys together. We had the misfortune to fall in love with the same girl; she accepted me. Had she married him I would gladly have left them to their happiness; but he was filled with rage, and swore vengeance. He left the country and I thought we were safe. The happy months rolled by and a little girl came to our home; we little thought of the great cloud that was hanging over us, for my little girl was snatched away from us by my rival, George Preston. I have spent thousands in search of her. Besides, I invested several thousand in the Trans Atlantic Silver Co., which I never expect to hear from; and thus it is that you see me a beggar, but still searching for my lost child.

Pat. Och! that is a bad job—a very bad job! But was there nothing you could trace her by, or know her if you met her?

Col. Nothing save a little locket, with a lock of her mother's hair inside,

Enter, LAURA CASTLETON, L.—slowly passes behind.

—and her own name, Vixen, engraved upon it. (*paces stage*) Oh, where is my child to-day? Out in the world! Perhaps unprotected, uncared for, is my own darling child! Oh, Vixen! Vixen! My child! My child!

Stands with folded hands and bowed head while voices without sing a verse of "Where is my Child To-night?"

SLOW CURTAIN.

SCENE II—Parlor in LORENA PRESTON'S house.

VIXEN discovered.

Vixen. Another year has passed. Again the roses are in bloom. All nature is alive with joy and I still am lost to those who love me best. Oh, where is my father and my dear mother? How well I remember her sweet face! Oh, what must be the agony of their hearts, to know that somewhere out in this world of sin and sorrow, is their first born child! Oh, that this little locket might speak, (*produces locket*) and tell me where to find my parents! Here is a lock of hair, doubtless that of my mother. I will ever wear it near my heart; perhaps it may prove itself a happy talisman to lead me to my parents.

Enter, LORENA PRESTON, R.

Lorena. What, Vixen; brooding over your trouble again?

Vix. Oh, Lorena, how can I help it? What must be the feelings of my parents? Their hearts must be full of agony, when they

realize that their own darling child, their first born, the child they have watched over and prayed for, is lost to them forever.

Lor. No; not forever, Vixen! Remember there is a time coming when friends shall meet, and shall clasp hands, never to part again. It may seem hard; but because Almighty God hath done it, it is just.

Vie. Just! Just! How can it be just? What sin had I done that I should be torn from their arms almost before I could kiss the sainted name of mother.

Lor. Yes, Vixen, my father's sin *was* a grievous one; but do not despair. I will do all I can to place you in your parent's arms. And as my father sinned, his daughter will ever try to make amends for that sin. I will do all in my power to restore you to your parents, and if that is impossible, I will ever be your friend, seeking to follow the divine injunction, "Bear ye one another's burden."

Vie. Thank you, Lorena! Your words are like balm to my aching heart. May heaven bless you for them!

Lor. And now cheer up and look your prettiest, for I saw Mr. Duffield coming up the road, doubtless for a morning call; so I will leave you too "tete a tete" while I look after my flowers. (*exit, R.*)

Vie. Mr. Duffield coming! Well, I don't know what to think of the fellow! I am afraid I am beginning to like him for all his sentiment and poetry; for I do believe that beneath all his nonsense, he has a heart that is noble and good.

Enter, LAWRENCE DUFFIELD, L.—music.

— Good morning, Mr. Duffield!

Lawrence. Good morning, Miss Vixen!

Vie. This is a splendid morning, Mr. Duffield!

Lawrence. Simply grand! Why, there is something in the very air this morning that seems to give a man inspiration. I thought that if all poets had such adorable and fascinating objects as yourself to write about, that our poetry would be more sublime, more heavenly; for though the birds sang ten times sweeter, though the flowers blushed ten times more daintily as the gentle zephyrs kissed their cheeks, though the beauties of nature were doubled, aye, trebled; yet its beauty could not compare with the loveliness of your own beautiful self.

"For the beauties of nature are noble—are grand;
But the beauties of nature never can stand
'Gainst thy beauty, sweet maiden; for thou art the best
Of all womanhood, which by heaven we're blest."

Vie. Thank you, Mr. Duffield! But I am afraid you are most too enthusiastic. I am hardly in sympathy with the morning, for I have been thinking of my own lost condition. I sometimes think life is not worth the living. Mr. Duffield, I think it must be grand to be able, at a moment's notice, to compose some of the most beautiful lyrics on any subject that can be presented.

Lawrence. It is a grand gift, Miss Vixen; and one for which I am ever thankful. I heartily sympathize with you in your sorrow; and if you are ever in need of help in any way, let me know and I will help you all I can.

Vie. Thank you, Mr. Duffield!

Lawrence. Always Mr.—why not Lawrence—sounds better—not so conventional. But speaking of poetry—the editors of the magazines hardly seem to recognize my poetical talent. I generally get

CLEARING THE MISTS.

my manuscripts returned with "thanks." Shall I read you my last endeavor?

Vix. Oh, yes! I should be delighted to hear it!

Lawrence. It is entitled, "An Ode to my Love."

(reads) You're a daisy! You're a darling!
You're the flower of my heart!
Oh, that through this world of trouble,
You and I might never part.

I am ever thinking of thee,
And I see thee in my dreams;
Oh, that it were reality,
What to me in fancy seems.

Oh, dear love, if but one moment,
I might clasp you in my arms;
I would shield you from all danger,
I'd protect you from all harms.

Oh, that I might e'er be with thee,
Through this world of ceaseless sin;
Then that saddest of words we ne'er need say,
Alas! it might have been.

Death will part us, lovely maiden;
Oh, how very sad 'twill be!
But I trust that we shall meet again,
In the great eternity."

—What do you think of that, Miss Vixen?

Vix. I think it is splendid, Mr. Duffield—Oh, I forgot—Lawrence, I mean! How some hearts would throb at receiving such a missive.

Lawrence. Aye, there is nothing like poetry to open the most obdurate heart. It seems to be a magic key to open the portals of the enchanted, to tear down the walls of prejudice and let love step in without contention.

Vix. I quite agree with you that poetry is one of Cupid's most subtle ways of gaining access to the heart.

Lawrence. I have been thinking about you, Miss Vixen, and I believe I will have to put your story in verse. Would you like to have me do so?

Vix. Oh, certainly! I should like it very much.

Lawrence. But is there no chance of your ever finding your parents.

Vix. No, I scarcely dare to hope. Mr. Preston died without giving the name of my parents or any clue whereby I might be restored to them.

Lawrence. Aye, it is sad—very sad; but we must remember the immortal words of Longfellow:

"Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days be dark and dreary."

Vix. Yes; still I cannot say that I am altogether unhappy. I would very much like to have you compose some impromptu poetry on some subject which I shall propose.

Lawrence. I shall be delighted to do so if it is in my power.

CLEARING THE MISTS.

Vix. Of course it is in your power. Now won't you compose a stanza on this bunch of flowers?

Lawrence. With all my heart!

"These flowers are filled with fragrance and their beauty is sublime;
Oh, that they might last forever, e'en until the end of time.

Their presence so enhance the beauty of the morn;

But they're not half so pretty as the lassie they adorn."

Vix. You really should be rewarded for that, Mr. Duffield. It was really a fine compliment.

Lawrence. I ask but a slight reward. Will you give it to me, Miss Vixen?

Vix. Conditionally I will.

Lawrence. The reward I ask, is one kiss from your sweet lips.
(places his arm about her waist)

Vix. (jumping up) I think you are rather familiar! I fear I cannot grant your request.

Lawrence. You won't be so cruel as to refuse me that one little favor, will you?

Vix. Well, I—I—I— Well, you compose me one stanza on—on—well, on myself, and I will grant your request.

Lawrence. You're the prettiest flower by far,
That has ever burst into bloom;
The finest piece of tapestry
That has ever passed through the loom.
You're an angel in feature and form,
An angel in womanly grace;
For you in celestial glory,
There certainly is a place.

Takes her in his arms and kisses her—Voices outside sing "Kiss me quick" as curtain falls.

SCENE III—Wood.

Enter, LAURA CASTLETON, L.

Laura. Oh, cruel fate! to love a man who does not even care for us, and to be loved by another whose love we cannot return. Reginald, would to God that I could requite *your* love instead of lavishing it on him who does not care for me.

Enter, PAT, who hides behind tree, R.

—Oh, Arthur! Can you not care ever so little for her who loves you so dearly? But no! your heart is occupied by the image of another, and that other one whom I despise; but she shall never be your wife while I live, for "thwarted love soon turns to jealous hate." Hark! Some one comes!
(hides)

Enter, ARTHUR and LORENA, R.

Arthur. Lorena, I thought this eve would never come. I have been counting the minutes since I saw you last. Here, let us sit down on this rustic seat for I have something to tell you. *(they sit—takes her hand)* Lorena, I want to tell you that I love you—that I have loved you from the first moment I saw you! My life is in your

hands. I love you with an affection so strong, so powerful, that my whole life is merged into it. Oh, my darling! I can only tell you in plain words that I love you better than fortune or life; and I plead to you, Lorena, for some little love in return. Lorena, darling, tell me you love me and will be my wife.

Lor. I love you, Arthur—but I can not be your wife!

Arthur. (*starts*) Repeat those words, Lorena; my senses have played me false—not you. But you do not mean it! Oh, my love, it is a cruel jest.

Lor. Nay, it is no jest, but the sad, earnest truth.

Arthur. But, Lorena, you say you love me!

Lor. Yes—heaven pity me—I do!

Arthur. You do! (*clasps her in his arms and kisses her*) Oh, Lorena, if that be true what shall part us?

Lor. I can not be your wife, Arthur! Do not be angry with me; if you turn from me in anger I shall die. Listen, Arthur, while I tell you the reason! My father in his young days had a schoolmate. They grew up to manhood together. Unhappily both fell in love with the same woman—the friend won her. My father, filled with remorse and disappointment, left the sunny south, and for three years wandered over the states. In the meantime a little girl had been born to his friend. My father returned to the south, kidnapped the child and her parents have never heard of her since. My father soon married and settled down here in Warnock. On his death-bed he confided to me—his only child—the secret of his crime, and extracted from me the solemn vow that I should never marry until this child had been restored to her parents. He immediately died without giving any clue by which the parents could be found. That child is Vixen. This one name was inscribed upon a locket which was round her neck. The parents I have never been able to find. Consequently that vow still binds me and to-day it has almost broken my heart.

Arthur. Lorena, I respect and honor your devotion and fidelity. Vixen this child! How strange I never thought of inquiring who she was. She has been to me, as to the rest of you, simply Vixen. But this vow, Lorena, places a barrier between us, which severs us perhaps forever. Yet I will bear my sorrow like a man—though a heart-broken one; my whole life is yours; I devote it to your cause. If her parents are yet among the living they *must* and *will* be found. Let us return now, Lorena; the evening is growing cold. (*exit, L.*)

LAURA emerges from her hiding-place.

Laura. So the lost Vixen alone keeps those two apart. Then lost she must remain forever. Perhaps that beggar whom I heard talking here that day is her father. If so—he must not remain; he would be sure to find her and thus blast my hopes forever. I must get him away from here—but how to do it? I have it—I will tell him I overheard him talking of his lost child. I will then inform him that I heard of a young lady in Wheeling who was lost or rather stolen when a child and who has *never* heard of her parents. This will take him to Wheeling immediately; once away he will never return to such an insignificant place as this.

Enter, REGINALD MORTON, R.

Reginald. Good evening, Laura!

Laura. Good evening, Reginald!

(*starts to go*)

Reg. Nay, do not go! The evening is pleasant—let us sit and

talk here under these old oaks. Laura, do you believe in fate?

Laura. In fate, Reginald? That is a subject too deep, I fear, for a girl like me. I believe in providence.

Reg. For sometime I have been thinking of the subject. Was it fate that brought me back to this town where my boyhood was spent? If so, I fear it is a cruel fate and one which has destroyed my happiness.

Laura. Destroyed your happiness, Reginald? Why how could your return to this town have such an effect?

Reg. I will be candid and tell you, Laura. Fate or something like it, brought me back to this town, without any particular object in view. Here I again met you. Strange things happen in our lives—things over which we seem to have no control; we are swept on by an impulse and a power which most often guides us for our good. I hope it may be so now. I love you—no man will ever love you more than I do; but a mocking voice in my heart—the instincts born of love, all tell me *you* do not love me. This is why I fear that fate has destroyed my happiness. Laura darling, tell me that my senses have deceived me! Tell me you love me a little and that you will be mine.

Laura. Reginald, it grieves me greatly to see you so pained; but it is better for us both that we understand each other. I saw your devotion to me, but could not prevent it. I can honestly say I did not try to lure you on. No true woman will trifle with a man's affections. Reginald, I cannot be your wife—because—because—I do not love you. (*aside*) Alas, I love some one else! (*aloud*) Let us try to comfort each other for we both have aching hearts. Let us be friends. Some would, perhaps, under the same circumstances, marry for spite—some for wealth or a home; but she who would marry a man, knowing that she did not love him, is not worthy the name of woman. Let us be friends. Do not look in that way—you frighten me. I will endeavor, with the will of a weak woman, to forget him; perhaps in time I may learn to love you. Were I to marry you now, I would be doing you the most cruel wrong a woman could do. I would feel that a worse mark than that of Cain was on my brow.

Reg. Laura, you are the noblest woman in the world; you have acted the part of a noble woman. I will not die—death is the coward's retreat. I can bear suffering better than most men. I am going away now, for a while. I will return in a month and see if you are learning to love me. Farewell, dear Laura, farewell!

Music—Curtain.

SCENE IV—Wood—Lively music at rise of curtain.

PAT discovered.

Pat. Faith now, and that is a very bad job—that young woman scheming to send that poor auld man out of the country from his darlint child that he's been hunting for these twenty years! Sure now and she has no heart at all! How would I feel now if it had been me, and she were trying to kape me from little Elsie, the darlint? But what does she want him out of the country for? Let me see (*thinks a moment*) Sure now and I have it! Ah, Pat, you've

a sharp head! Sure and you have! Yes; and bedad, I heard this young lady say she would find for the Colonel to meet her here this morning, so I guess I'll 'tack a bit' for here they come!

(*hides—back*)

Enter, LAURA, L.—music.

Laura. Cruel, cruel fate that has made me a miserable, unhappy creature. Oh, why can I not love Reginald and be happy with him? But I cannot! Oh, I cannot! My whole heart is bound up in another. When Reginald comes near me, I shudder and have an aversion to him which I cannot explain. Oh, perverse, perverse heart of woman! Would to God that I could turn all my affections toward him! But I cannot! Second loves can grow up in the heart, but not readily in such a heart as mine. I am even now scheming to send that poor old man away from his child; but I cannot help it. Hark, here he comes!

Enter, COLONEL HADLEY, R.—music.

Col. I received a note from Laura Castleton desiring an interview. Are you the lady?

Laura. I am. Mr. Hadley, I understand you have lost a daughter.

Col. Yes! Yes! Do you know anything? Tell me everything!

Laura. (*aside*) Oh, see his love for his child! It hurts me, but I must do it. (*aloud*) I am afraid I may disappoint you, but I can perhaps give you a clue. While visiting in Wheeling some weeks since, I heard a strange story of a girl there, who had been stolen from her home by an enemy of her father's. Perhaps this may be your daughter.

Col. Perhaps it may. Oh, I would give world's to clasp my daughter, my little Vixen, in my arms before I die.

Laura. Here is some money to defray your expenses. (*gives money*) Go now and seek your daughter.

Col. My thanks I give thee. My prayers are *always* with thee. God will bless you for this.

(*exit, COLONEL, L.*)

Laura. God? Oh, can there be a just and merciful God, and yet all this suffering? That poor old man is gone—I trust for good. My conscience rebels against sending him away; but come what may, I will be Arthur Burton's wife!

(*exit, LAURA, L.*)

Pat. (*comes forward*) Faix now and maybe old Pat will have a hand in this pie himself! Well, I'll let the Colonel go to Wheeling; but I'll keep sight of him. I'll straighten things up and then I'll send for him. Och! begorra and won't it be grand!

(*exit, Pat, R.*)

Enter, ARTHUR, L.

Arthur. Farewell all hopes of joy! Farewell! I soon shall be far away from this most hallowed of all spots to me. 'Twas here I first met her. How well I remember it—the sun falling in golden beams across the grand old hills of Belmont, a bright blue canopy over head and a carpet of leaves, purple and golden, at her feet. Oh, would to God I had never seen her! better for us both had we never met! But I cannot stay here. I will go abroad. I will endeavor to help others to bear their burdens of sorrow; for possibly in help-

ing others I may in some degree forget my own—but, oh, never can I forget *her*!

Enter, REGINALD, R.—music.

Reg. What—you here? You, who have wrecked my happiness; who have shattered my fondest hopes; who have caused life to be a burden to me. You, who have torn from me one whom I love better than my own life! Would to God that your villainous face had never been seen in Warnock!

Arthur. Mr. Morton! I do not understand your language.

Reg. Understand! No, of course you don't understand! But I understand what it is to have one's fondest hopes dashed to the ground; to have one's heart trampled upon; to have one torn from you whom you love better than your own soul! And all because you, villain, have played the part of usurper!

Arthur. Mr. Morton, I don't understand you! I am in sorrow myself.

Reg. Sorrow! What do *you* know of sorrow? If it had not been for the cursed villainy of you and that scheming Lorena Preston, I would be a happy man to-day.

Arthur. Sir, this is insulting! I demand an explanation. Such language about a lady whom I hold in high esteem, and about myself, who have never knowingly wronged you, I *cannot* and *will not* endure!

Reg. Never knowingly wronged me! Have you not stolen my love from me?

Arthur. Reginald, I cannot understand you! If you will but let me explain—

Reg. No, I will not let you explain. I have had enough of your cursed villainy.

Arthur. And I have had enough of your insults!

Reg. All right—call it insults if you will! There is a way of settling these difficulties. When will it suit you to meet me, with your second?

Arthur. What—a duel? Dueling days are over; and I will be mixed up in no such disgraceful affair!

Reg. Coward! I knew you dare not!

Arthur. I am no coward; and since you seem so anxious, I will meet you here next Saturday at one o'clock.

Reg. I will be here without fail, and I will punish you for your villainy!

(exit, L.)

Arthur. Villainy! I really don't know what the fellow means! So I am to fight a duel! What if I am killed! Ah, well! what matters it—to live is but misery! I must go and see Lorena for the last time and part with her forever. Oh, Lorena! Lorena!

(exit, ARTHUR, L.)

Enter, LAURA, R.—music.

Laura. What! Deserted? I thought I heard voices. Well, my plans are all laid, and by this time the Colonel is on his way to Wheeling. My better nature cries out against it; but I have gone too far to retreat now. I shall yet win Arthur Burton.

(PAT comes forth from hiding place)

Pat. (aside) Faix now maybe auld Pat will have a word to say

about that! (*aloud*) Ah, miss! I've heard all of your cursed villainy, and I'll expose you before the world!

Laura. What? How came you here? Who are you?

Pat. Och! I'm only a beggar—but, miss, I've got a heart—a heart that cries out against all this devilish villainy! A heart that bates in unison with afflicted humanity; a heart that bates for *one* poor auld man who hasn't seen his only child for twenty years, and who has been hunting for her all this time. I, too, lost a little girl; little Elsie, the darlint! God bless her! I lost her up mong the lakes of Killarney; and how would I feel if she were *lost* to me instead of being up there, and you were trying to keep her from me? Poor, poor auld man! His heart must be breaking; and what will he think after searching all over Wheeling and not finding her? Och! Begorra, and I'm all broke up!

Laura. But this may not be his child! Besides, I will bring them together when I have accomplished my purpose.

Pat. That may be too late; and besides, you will never accomplish your purpose for I know what it is, and I'll expose you—sure and I will!

Laura. Sir, you are a poor man. I will give you one hundred dollars to keep quiet about this.

Pat. What! Take a hundred dollars and keep that poor old man from his child that he's been hunting for twenty years? No! No! I'll tell of your villainy and I'll make you suffer for it!

Laura. Will nothing change your purpose?

Pat. Niver but one thing will stop me, and that is death!

Laura. Then die!

*She draws pistol from her breast and fires—PAT falls—tableau
Curtain.*

SCENE I—Parlor—VIXEN and LORENA discovered seated.

Vic. Alas, Lorena, it seems as if I were born for sorrow and trouble! Here I am—a young woman—and do not know my own name. I am indeed lost! Was I the only one who suffered I would not murmur; but think of the anguish my parents have suffered on my account for twenty years. And now, Lorena, I hear that you and Arthur are about to part—all—*all* through me.

Lor. Nay, Vixen, murmur not at the dispensations of providence which, though sometimes mysterious, are always wise.

Vic. But, Lorena, is it so that Arthur is going to leave?

Lor. Yes, Vixen; for a while at least. It will be hard to part, but it will be better for us both. He is coming this morning to say "good bye;" but I trust *this* farewell will not be forever. Something, I know not what, assures me that your parents will yet be found, and then all will be well.

Vic. Lorena, I am glad to see you so hopeful. (*rises*) I feel discouraged and sick at heart; but still I trust that your hopes may not prove vain. (*exit, L.*)

Lor. To-day he casts himself adrift on the world for me—to wander o'er the world in search of Vixen's parents. Alas! What anguish and misery to both of us is comprised in that one word—farewell.

Enter, ARTHUR, R.—goes to LORENA and puts an arm around her.

Arthur. Lorena, this is indeed a dark day to both of us. Should I never return, I ask you to bear your sorrow like the true woman that you are.

Lor. Talk not so! Were it not for the strong hope that you will, at no distant day, be enabled to return with the glad tidings that Vixen's parents have been found, I could not endure this parting.

Arthur. Lorena, I know that we should not borrow trouble; we have plenty in our lives without adding imaginary ones; yet in spite of myself, I have dark forebodings of the future.

Lor. Life has indeed been a life of trials to us. Our pathway has not been all strewn with roses. There have been many thorns in our path; but is not "the darkest hour of the night that which just precedes the dawn?" If so, the day must surely soon dawn for us, and the mists be cleared from this valley.

Arthur. Lorena, I will try to hope as you do. It may be that all will yet be well. (*arm about waist*) I know not, Lorena, whether I shall ever see you again, (*soft music*) It may so happen that this is the last time my eyes can ever rest upon you with love and sorrow. When I am in a far away land, wear this (*puts on a ring*) for the sake of one who appreciated your virtues, your noble spirit and your pure love. Look upon it, when perhaps the broad Atlantic rolls between us. Think of your Arthur and the love he bore you. Farewell, Lorena! Farewell forever! (*kisses her—tableau*)

END OF ACT I.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE I—Wood. *Slow music at rise of curtain.*

ARTHUR and LAWRENCE discovered.

Arthur. No, Lawrence, it is impossible to do anything now but fight. Even Lorena could not alter my convictions on that point.

Lawrence. But suppose you leave the country. Remember—"He who fights and runs away; may live to fight some other day."

Arthur. Then I could never return with an untarnished reputation. Perhaps I was somewhat hasty; but that taunting word "coward" from him, stung me to the quick. I have given my word and I will die rather than break it. How strange it seems that I, who was always so opposed to duels, should fight one myself—right in these woods, too, where I have passed many bright hours of my youth; here where I told Lorena of my love for her, and heard from her lips the story of the lost Vixen. As I crossed the bridge this morning, I paused to reflect that perhaps it was the last time my feet would tread those planks; for I feel that it is almost suicide to come out with such an expert; but I must do it now—so please don't try to persuade me that I need not. I trust Lorena will hear nothing of this till all is over. If she hears of it she will be sure to come, and her presence would unman me. I have said good bye to her in this. (*produces a letter*) Give this to her if he kills me outright, and I think he will. Still if it were not for Lorena, I would feel no reluctance at laying down this life of trouble. Lawrence, you will

do your best to comfort her—poor thing—she is sadly in need of comfort. Lawrence, here's my watch! (*gives watch*) Keep it for the sake of the days gone by; when you look at it remember that its owner preferred to lose his life rather than his honor.

Enter, REGINALD and his Second, R.

Reg. What! Already here! The day which I have so longed for has arrived. To-day I will rid this town of the villain who has destroyed my happiness.

Arthur. Reginald, I suppose it is war to the death with us; yet in the presence of that God before whom *one* of us will shortly appear—I declare that I owe you no ill will; and before that same God I say, in all good conscience, that I never knowingly wronged you. It is not through malice or hatred that you see me here, but because stung by your bitter taunts, I pledged my word to meet you—and—I will not break it. You would listen to no explanation then—it is unnecessary to make one now.

Enter, Surgeon, L.

Music while making preparations. LAWRENCE produces pistols—REGINALD chooses one—the other is handed to ARTHUR. They take their positions—REGINALD'S second gives signal—both pistols are discharged. ARTHUR falls. REGINALD and his Second exit R. Surgeon proceeds to examine ARTHUR'S wound.

Enter, LORENA, hurriedly, L.—kneels by ARTHUR and kisses him.

Lor. My God! They have killed him! Oh, Arthur! Why did you not tell me of this? I could then have been here to have saved you. Oh, Arthur, speak to me! Tell me you know me—your own Lorena! (*surgeon rises*) Oh, tell me—is he dead? (*imploringly*)

Surgeon. He still lives. No vital spot has been touched. With proper care and perfect quiet he will recover.

Lor. (*in attitude of prayer*) Thank God! Thank God!

SCENE II—Wood.

Enter, VIXEN, R.

Vix. Alas! Why was I born? To sever hearts bound in loves' tender tie? To shatter the fondest hopes of ambitious youth? I feel as if I had a heavy burden to carry. My heart aches for poor Lorena; how much she must suffer! How would I feel if Lawrence was severed from me forever? I am almost weary of this life of trouble, and would be tempted to end it all if it were not for Lawrence. Ah, that unfortunate duel! I feel as if I were accountable for that. Reginald is unhurt; Arthur is wounded—but—thank God!—not mortally. And the poor old Irishman has been shot—how or where he will not tell; but he had a narrow escape. Oh, this pain at my heart! I feel as if I were a barrier that has been raised up between Lorena and Arthur. Ah, well! I suppose 'tis all for the best!

(*exit, L.*)

Enter, PAT, R.

Pat. Och! Begorra and here I am—James Peter Michael McGinis Patrick O'Hara—and not yet dead yet! though the young lady did give me a purty close call. She sint a bullet purty near to auld Pat's heart. Well, I niver told any of them how I was shot, and I guess I won't till the time comes and I have them all together. I guess my plans are all laid now. The auld man is in Wheeling now, but I'll sind him word to be at 516 West Brooklyn street day after to-morrow at tin o'clock. I won't tell him the name—Preston—it would excite him too much; so I'll just give him the number of the house; and I'll send word to Lawrence and Reginald to be there at the same time. Arthur is already there; poor fellow! He was carried there after the duel. He came near gitting kilt just when his happiness is about to begin—and just to think! one poor auld Irishman is doing it all. Och! You've a level head, Pat; sure and you have! And I'm thinking that St. Patrick is looking down on his namesake and saying—"Let her go, Pat! Give her more sand!" Och! Begorra, and isn't it grand? *(highly elated—exit, L.*

Enter, REGINALD and LAURA, R.

Laura. Oh, Reginald! I can't—would to God that I could! But I never can love you! Oh, if you know what I suffer you would pity me! Often and often have I knelt down in the gathering twilight and prayed to Almighty God that my affections might be turned to you; but no use—no use! It seems as if my whole heart, my whole nature, my whole soul was bound up in Arthur Burton. Somehow of late I have been growing reckless. It seems as if heaven and earth were combined against me.

Reg. Oh, Laura, can you not give me one ray of hope? I can wait. Yes; I could wait for centuries, did life allow.

Laura. Reginald, I can give you no hope. I pity you for I know what it is to suffer unreciprocated love. I will be your friend—I can be nothing more.

Reg. Oh, Laura! I never thought 'twould come to this! Don't you remember how, as boy and girl, we went to school together, and we——

Laura. Oh, Reginald——

Reg. Nay, Laura, you will hear me! Don't you remember how, hand in hand we trudged to school together, and how we always took each others part in all our school quarrels? How we used to stand on the big bridge and watch the minnows as they played in the rippling water? How we used to ramble out through the town, past the station, across the railroad and by the mill race to where the old mill stands? Oh, Laura! don't you remember the old maple that stood above the old water wheel, and the log that lay under it? Don't you remember how, many times, we have sat there together and watched the old wheel turning and throwing up its silvery spray, and how little we thought then of all the misery and sorrow that was in store for us? Laura, I traveled over the same old path to-day. The old mill stands there still. The old wheel is turning just the same; but other hands guide it now—for poor old Finicum, the miller, has long been laid to rest; and, Laura, the old maple tree stands there still—the same old log lies under it, and as I sat there

to-day, old memories crowded upon me till I almost fell to the earth with grief and sorrow. I remembered the day—when sitting there—when scarce seven summers had passed over us, we plighted our love and I in my childish glee, caught you in my arms and kissed you. Little did I then think it would come to this!

Laura. Yes, Reginald, I remember it all.

Reg. Well, fortune favored me. Uncle, dying left me a large fortune and I resolved to satisfy my ambition to travel. I traveled all over Europe; but I was not happy for all my wealth. One day I was standing looking at a famous painting; it was the picture of an old mill. Oh, Laura, how my heart bounded at the sight, and all that I saw was an old mill; its wheel turning in the sunlight, and an old maple tree with a log beneath and on that log sat a little boy and girl, pledging love for eternity. Then the picture changed—and I saw a young woman. Ah! I know that face! So I started that very morning from Rome and traveled night and day till I got back to old Warnock—came back only to find that she whom I loved had given her heart to another. Oh, the agony of my heart then.

Laura. Oh, Reginald! Say no more! Your words cut me to the heart—but I cannot—oh, I cannot love you!

Reg. Laura, I cannot—will not give you up! Tell me you love me just a little. I am starving—starving for your love. This other man does not love you, and never will. Oh, tell me, Laura, that you will forget him and be mine.

Laura. (*defiantly*) No! I will yet be the wife of Arthur Burton!

Reg. Never!

REGINALD draws pistol and shoots her—she falls. REGINALD, filled with remorse, kneels beside her—raises her in his arms.

—Oh, God! I have killed her! Speak to me, Laura—just one little word to tell me you forgive me! Dead—dead—dead! gone forever! Oh, Laura! I did it because I loved you so! Earth, with all your miseries and sorrows—farewell! Oh, forgive me, Laura! I'm coming soon.

Kisses her—supports her on left arm, while with right shoots himself.
Crash of music.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE I—Parlor in LORENA'S house.

ARTHUR discovered sleeping on sofa—LORENA by his side.

Arthur. (*waking*) Where am I? Am I dreaming? Ah, yes! I remember it all now—that wretched duel! What! Lorena—you here? Where am I? Ah, I see now—'twas here I parted from you; but how came I here?

Lor. You were carried here after the duel. You have been here three days; but your mind has been wandering—you recognized no one.

Arthur. Ah, that wretched duel! How is Reginald? Is he hurt?

Lor. No; he escaped unhurt.

Arthur. I am glad of it. I bore him no malice. I was foolish to accept his challenge, when I did not even know what he meant by his insinuations; but I had just parted with you and I was reckless—not caring much whether I lived or died.

Lor. He escaped from the duel unhurt; but only to meet his death in another way. His body and that of Laura Castleton, were found in the woods yesterday evening. A pistol was by his side. It is supposed he first shot her and then himself, for some unknown reason.

Arthur. This is sad news; but I am glad it was not my hand that sent him into eternity. So, my poor Lorena, you have been caring for me. Oh, why did you not let me die, and rid me of my misery?

Lor. Oh, do not speak of dying! How could I live if you were gone?

Arthur. Ah, Lorena, better say how live if I stay? If I live how much better will it be? But Providence is good in taking me out of my misery—for, Lorena, I am dying. *(music)*

Lor. No, Arthur, you are getting better. Your mind has been wandering, but now is cleared; you will soon recover.

Arthur. Nay, Lorena, my mind has but cleared to conduct me through the “valley of the shadow of death,” yet even with the odds that are against me, I think that I could recover if there was any hope of my ever winning you. Now, Lorena, read me something from the Bible, and then I’ll try to sleep awhile, for I am weary. *(LORENA reads Psalm xciii, 1st to 4th verse—with emotion)* Yes, that’s good! Oh, won’t it be grand when we get through the valley! Oh, I’m so glad I’m going home!

(voices behind sing softly, “I’m going home to-morrow!”)

Enter, LAWRENCE and VIXEN, R.—LORENA motions quiet.

Lawrence. (softly) How is he, Lorena?

Lor. I think he is much better. His mind has cleared and he has been talking some.

Lawrence. Thank God! He will recover!

Lor. I do not know. I think he might if his wound was all; but he seems so discouraged that I have grave fears as to his recovery.

Lawrence. Ah, I see! We must do something to revive his spirits. But you must be wearied with watching, Lorena. Go and rest awhile; Vixen and I will take your place. *(exit, R.)*

LAWRENCE and VIXEN sit—ARTHUR wakes.

Arthur. Ah, Lawrence, you and Vixen here!

Lawrence. Well, how do you find yourself, my boy?

Arthur. Bad! bad! A few more days and my “my body will be out of pain; my soul be out of prison.”

Vic. Oh, you must not talk so! You shall not die! Lawrence, don’t let him talk so!

Lawrence. Tut! tut! Man, you’re not going to die. Your mind has cleared now, and your wound is healing nicely. You will soon regain your strength.

Arthur. No, Lawrence; I never will. I cannot bear the misery. If life were as bright to me as to you and Vixen, I think I could

easily live; but now I would rather die. For to live is misery, while to die is peace and rest. Where is Lorena?

Lawrence. She is lying down.

Arthur. Pure, unselfish woman! When I am gone, Lawrence, I want you and Vixen to cheer her all you can. Make her life as bright as possible; and if Vixen's parents should ever be found and a suitor seek her hand, I ask her to listen to him for my sake. I don't want her to forget me; but to remember me as an old friend. Promise me you will do all this, Lawrence.

Lawrence. Your wishes shall be faithfully carried out.

Enter, LORENA and COLONEL HADLEY, R.

Lor. Here is a gentleman who says he received a note to be here at 10 o'clock this morning.

Col. I have been in Wheeling some time. I received this note (*producing note*) day before yesterday. It is signed "Pat." I don't know who he is unless it is an old Irishman whom I met here on the street about two months ago. Here are the contents of the note. (*reads*) "Col. Hadley—Dear Sir: Meet me at 516 West Brooklyn street, Warnock, Ohio, on July 25th, at 10 o'clock a. m. Yours truly, Pat. P. S.—Don't fail to be there or you'll break old Pat's heart. Yours truly, Pat—an old Irish beggar from 'mong the lakes of Killarney."

Lawrence. That reminds me that I received a note signed "Pat," bidding me to be here at the same time.

Lorena. There is something very strange in all this.

(*door bell rings, L.—VIXEN answers it*)

Enter, VIXEN, L., with PAT.

Pat. Sure now and ye are all here! How is the young man that was hurt?

Arthur. Bad, my friend, very bad! I am going soon.

Pat. Faix and if you get there before I do, jist tell the folks I'm coming too. (*aside*) But I guess he'll wait on the rest of us. (*aloud*) Jist take it aisy now, I've got the medicine to cure you.

Lawrence. My friend, will you explain the object of this meeting?

Pat. Sure now and I'll be after doin' that very thing! But I want to tell ye all a little story first, if you'll give me your attintion a few minutes.

Lawrence. Proceed!

Pat. Well, once upon a time there were two boys wint to school together down in Dixie, and those two boys were very good friends. Well, one day a new scholar came to school, a little girl with sweet blue eyes and golden hair. The two boys fell in love with her and soon their friendship turned into hatred. Things wint on well enough till they grew up to manhood and one of the boys married the girl. The other swore vengeance, and when a little girl came to bless his schoolmate's home, he tore her from her parents and they niver saw her ag'in.

Col. Tell me, do you know——

Pat. Stidy there! Oim doing this talking meself! Well, the man that stole the child died without giving thim her name, and the only thing that the child might be found by was a little locket.

Col. Yes! Yes! A locket with a lock of hair inside and her

name, "Vixen" on the back—if my child had that look to-day.

Viz. Your child! (*produces locket*) Oh, father!

Col. My child! My child! (*they embrace*)

Lorena. Oh, Arthur! Arthur! (*kneels by his bedside*)

Arthur. And now, thank God, Lorena's mine! (*embrace*)

Col. Oh, Vixen! My child! I never expected to hold you in my arms again. Heaven is smiling very graciously on us to-day. I have been seeking for you these twenty years.

Viz. Oh, I never expected to see you, father!

Col. We will never be parted again till death shall sever us.

Viz. Where is my mother? How well I remember her sweet face.

Col. (*sadly*) Your mother, my child, has been spared much of my sorrow. Long ago I laid her to rest 'neath the orange blossoms, and no doubt she is now smiling on us from her home in the skies.

Lawrence. Allow me to congratulate you, father.

Col. Thank you—but—father—I don't understand!

Viz. This is the man I love, father, and the one I have promised to marry.

Col. (*shaking LAWRENCE'S hand*) You have won an angel, my son.

Lawrence. Yes; with your consent she will be mine.

Thou'lt be my nurse in sickness and my comforter in health;

So gentle and contented, though love is all our wealth.

Thy voice so soft will soothe me, love, in each desponding hour;

As heaven's honey, dear, consoles the bruised and broken flower.

Pat. Now I might as well tell ye how I got shot. The young lady, Laura Castleton, I believe was her name, did it. You see, she loved this young man and she knew about this vow that kept you two apart. She passed the Colonel and me when we were in the street, and she heard the Colonel tell me of his lost child. She thought maybe he was Vixen's father, and she knew if he found her it would remove that vow and leave you two free to wed. So she sint the Colonel to Wheeling; but I heard all of her villainy and threatened to expose her, and what did she do but shoot me.

Lor. But can you explain the tragedy?

Pat. Well' you see Reginald loved Laura, for I heard him tell her so, and axed her to marry him; but she said, "no—she would marry Arthur Burton?"

Arthur. This explains why he was so angry with me, and called me a usurper. Poor fellow, his trouble is all over!

Col. And now, Pat, I want to thank you for all you have done for me. I little thought when I met you on the street that day, that I would have reason to thank you for restoring my lost child to me. I can give you nothing but thanks; my wealth I lost in the Trans Atlantic Silver Company and in searching for my lost child. That is the reason why you see me in rags to-day, Vixen.

Viz. Don't think of that, father; I'm thankful that you came at all. (*turning to Pat*) And I want to thank you, my good kind friend, for all you have done for me.

Pat. Ah, you've a heart like an angel, you have! I think if my Elsie had lived she would have looked just like you.

Lawrence. I want to thank you, my good Pat, for bringing happiness to her I love better than life.

Lor. Pat, tongue can not utter nor words express the thanks I want to give you. You have made life happy for me. Had it not been for you, life would not have been worth living. My good, kind sir, my thanks and my prayers are yours.

Arthur. Pat, I cannot come to you—so come here to my side. I want to tell you that I love that woman better than my life. Well, if you had not been our friend, she and I would have had to part forever; but now, thank God, we shall live happily together!

Pat. Live happy together! Why, I thought you were going to die!

Arthur. Nay, Pat! I feel now as if I could live for centuries.

Pat. And so after going this far you're going to give it up as a bad job.

Arthur. Yes, Pat; I guess I'll stay awhile!

Pat. And would you be after chatting the undertaker that way? Sure you've no more heart than a mile stone! Ah, I tould ye I had the medicine to cure you!

Arthur. Yes, Pat, your medicine works like a charm. We shall have to call you doctor Pat.

Col. No; we shall have to call you detective Pat, as you have shown so much skill in that profession.

Pat. No, friends, jist call me friend Pat. But there is one little matter I nearly forgot. You told me one time that you had invested some money in the Trans Atlantic Silver Company, which you niver heard from. Well, the reason you niver heard from it was that they couldn't find you and supposed you to be dead; but I found *them* safe and your money safe. It has been drawing interest since. Here is a bit of paper they axed me to give to you. (gives paper)

Col. (looking at paper) It is a check for \$50,000!

Omnes. Fifty thousand!

Col. And now I have still greater reason to thank you, my friend. We are all happy now. Lorena and Arthur will be happy *here*. Lawrence, Vixen and myself will go back to where the orange blossoms blow—back to dear old Dixie! But we shall never forget dear old Warnock; and every summer when the roses bloom, we will come back to the place where I found my darling.

(voices outside sing, "I'se gwine back to Dixie")

Pat. Yes; Lorena and Arthur will be happy *here*; the rest of you will go back to Dixie, and poor auld Pat will be left all alone.

Col. Nay, Pat; you shared my lot in adversity and have brought me happiness. You shall now go back with me, and make your home with us.

Vix. No one would be more welcome.

Pat. Thank ye both! but I have been thinking of going back to my native land—although it don't make much difference where I stay the rest of my life, for I don't think it will be long before Gabriel toots his horn for poor auld Pat. And something tells me that away up there where little Elsie is, they are kaping a corner for auld Pat; and all I ask of ye, in return for what I did, is that once in a while ye'll think of me, and drop a wee little bit of a prayer for poor auld Pat, who did what he could to help in clearing the mists.

Now I guess I'll go back to where me darlin' Elsie sleeps, up 'mong the lakes of Killarney.

Curtain falls—immediately rises—they are all kneeling but PAT, who is standing with his hands outspread, giving them his blessing—tableau.

CURTAIN.

THE END.

-: Just Out! A Drama in Six Acts, by Lizzie May Elwyn, :-
Entitled,

SWEETBRIER

—OR—
The Flower Girl of New York.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I—SCENE I—Interior of Rogues' Rookery. Carlos Dare reveals the secret of Sweetbrier's parentage to his friend Mike—Ralph Lindsey—Alice discovers that her child is alive—Sweetbrier and her foster father—Death of Carlos Dare.

ACT II—SCENE I—Home of Silas Hunter—Moses and the letter—Mr. and Mrs. Hunter—The lost spectacles—Nancy won't be bossed by city folks—Mr. Lindsey's surprise and arrest of Hendricks—Carlos Dare's confession—Nancy and Moses—Arrival of Sweetbrier—Inez meets an old friend—Earl discovers her secret and breaks their engagement—Green cucumbers.

ACT III—SCENE I—Ideas of Moses—Sweetbrier an unloved wife—Hendricks threatens Sweetbrier, "Unhand me villain!"—Inez and Earl—Murder of Hendricks—Arrest of Sweetbrier—Inez declares Sweetbrier guilty—Escape of Sweetbrier.

ACT IV—SCENE I—Interview between Mr. Lindsey and Earl—Earl discovers his parentage—Inez—Uncle Silas' dream—What became of Sweetbrier? "Was she drowned?"—Discovery of papers—Carlos Dare's confession found—Death of Lindsey—"He has escaped the consequence of his crimes."

ACT V—SCENE I—Pauline and Moses in New York selling flowers—Mr. and Mrs. Hunter in search of their daughter—Sweetbrier discovers Mr. Hunter—Nancy's experience with New York hackmen, etc.—Moses meets his mother. SCENE II—Rogues' Rookery—Sweetbrier comes to Mr. Hunter's rescue—Meeting of Sweetbrier and her mother—Arrest of Nick—Reunion—Re-arrest of Sweetbrier.

ACT VI—SCENE I—Earle, as Lord Wayne, recognizes Sweetbrier as his wife, and the mystery is cleared up—Moses tells the story of their escape.

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SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—A French cafe—"Cigars, beer, ham sandwiches!"—The man with the toothache—Mrs. Johnson, who has "smelled a mouse," in search of her husband, who finds it difficult to love only one woman—Adonis Montague, the 14th street masher—Mr. Johnson flirts with the veiled lady—Lifts the veil, "my wife!"—The agreement, "a tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye." "If I catch you, look out!"—Mr. Johnson waiting for Evelena, is discovered by Mrs. Johnson—"Caught!"—"Remember the agreement!"—Mr. Johnson's horror of what his wife may do, as she is a French woman—The assistance of Montague, etc.

ACT II.—Home of Mr. Johnson—Return of Mrs. Johnson, a desperate woman—Mr. Johnson's arrival with peace offerings—"Nothing but a full confession."—His confession—"She was only a peck-marked music scholar," and swears they only got as far as "do, re, me, fa, sol, la, si, do, do, si, la, sol, fa, me, re, do."—A cyclone in the bedroom—Adonis Montague arouses Mr. Johnson's jealousy—Medical students arrive—"Mr. Johnson!"—"Scoot, brother, scoot!"—Mr. Johnson looks his wife in the house, not aware of the students being hid in the rooms, and departs for the ball, as he leads the orchestra—Mrs. Johnson and students escape through window and start for the ball.

ACT III.—Dr. Boliver's ball—A mistake of Flip's, the usher. Arrival of Mrs. Don't-bother-me, New York Clipper and the Water-mellon brothers—The dance—Mr. Johnson recognizes Mrs. Don't-bother-me as his wife—"No more music unless she stops dancing!" She does not know that "shabby fiddler"—"Put him out, he is drunk!"—Out he goes—Return of Mr. Johnson disguised as a waiter—The threat—Mrs. Johnson angry and decides to run away—Mr. Johnson relates a funny story of a repentant lobster—He attempts suicide—He is forgiven—Advice of a repentant lobster.

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21	A Romantic Attachment	3	3	180	Ripples	2	0
124	A Thrilling Tem	3	1	48	Sea Caps	1	1
20	A Ticket of Leave	3	2	135	Sewing Circle of P. riad	0	5
175	Borsey Baker	2	2	115	S. H. V. M. P. nufore	3	3
8	Better Half	5	2	55	Somebody's Nobody	3	2
86	Black vs. White	4	2	213	Sports on a Lark	3	0
22	Captain Smith	3	3	232	Stage Struck Yankee	4	2
84	Cheek Will Win	3	0	258	Strawberry Shortcake	2	0
225	Cupids Capers	4	4	137	Taking the Census	1	1
49	Der Two Surprises	1	1	40	That Mysterious Riddle	2	2
72	Deuce is in Him	5	1	245	Ticket Taker	3	0
19	Did I Dream It	4	3	38	The Bewitched Closet	5	2
42	Domes is Febricity	1	1	131	The Cigarette	4	2
188	Dutch Prize Fich er	3	0	101	The Coming Man	3	1
220	Dutchy vs. Nigger	3	0	167	Turn Him Out	3	2
118	Eh? What Did You Say	3	1	68	The Sham Professor	4	0
218	Everybody Astonished	4	0	54	The Two T. J.'s	4	2
224	fooling with the Wrong Man	2	1	23	The Best Cure	4	1
233	Freezing a Mother-in-Law	2	1	28	Thirty-three Next Birthday	4	2
154	Fun in a Post Office	4	2	142	Tit for Tat	2	1
184	Family Discipline	0	1	213	Vermont Wool Dealer	5	3
209	Goose with the Golden Eggs	5	3	151	Wanted a Hus and	2	1
13	Give Me My Wife	3	3	5	When Women Weep	3	2
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116	Hash	4	2	70	Which will he Marry	2	8
129	H. M. S. Plum	1	1	135	Widower's Trials	4	5
103	How Sister Paxey got her Child Baptized	2	1	117	Waking Him Up	1	2
50	How She has Owed Way	1	3	155	Why they Joined the Rebeccas	0	4
149	How He Popped the Question	1	1	111	Yankee Duelist	3	1
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1	Mr. and Mrs. Pringle	7	4	236	Hypochondriac The	12	0
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212	My Turn Next	4	5	256	Midnight Colie	2	1
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